

Original Poetry.

FOR THE LEDGER.
To J. W., of Lancaster.

They tell me you do not wish to marry,
That you're content to dwell alone,
That with sweet woman you'll not marry,
But marrying eternally postpone.

The thought is rash! oh! ponder well,
Ere you should thus decide;
The future no one can foretell,
And may be thus you'll not abide.

Your heart is not so icy cold,
But some impression may be made;
Woman thought neither bought or sold,
Needs a supporter—needs his aid.

With her you'll then see happy days,
Nor care or sorrow e'er intrude;
Pleasures of love will strew your ways,
And with new life you'll be endowed.

Will you recall this rash resolve,
And seek some woman's love to gain?
When so much does the case involve,
Think you your efforts will be in vain?

Some happy maid will stop your grief,
And woman's love you'll find is true;
Tormented not with blank or brief,
You'll then find joys in children too.

KATE.

Love's Assurance.

BY MISS PHIBBS CAREY.

Close, come closer bending over
This my weary dying bed;
Tell me O my mortal lover,
Thou wilt love me truly, dead!

Now my eyes may scarce behold thee,
Through their bitter blinding rain,
And my arms cannot enfold thee,
Lying weak in helpless pain;

Yet if faithful, I shall know it,
Though thy lip make no reply;
Loving truly, thou wilt show it
In the lovelight of thine eyes.

When thou turnest from my shrouded
Paleness to a fairer face,
Let my image not be crowded
Wholly from its olden place.

Ah! thou lovest me! to conceal it,
Would surpass all mortal art;
I can see it, I can feel it,
Burning down into my heart.

Close, come closer, bending over,
This my weary dying bed;
Now I know my mortal lover,
Thou wilt love me truly, dead!

Selected Articles.

The Robber of Halstead Wood.

Our scene opens upon a highway, nearly three leagues from London. The shades of evening were fast setting, when a horseman striding a noble steed who seemed quite exhausted by his day's journey, entered the avenue leading through Halstead Wood; and the young man—

—for he seemed scarcely twenty-two years of age—as he entered the forest, now made gloomy by the darkness of the falling night, drew from his head the richly embroidered cap of velvet, and as he wiped from his brow the perspiration, he murmured—

“But a short distance now, my good steed, and our journey is ended. 'Tis a long time since I left the city of my birth, and my parents and sweet sister—God forbid that aught have befallen them during my absence—will scarcely know me. But I will give them a surprise—ah! that will be delightful,” and he again placed his cap upon his head, and started onward at a brisker pace.

But scarcely had he proceeded ten rods when, from a thicket on the right, a man whose face was covered with a mask, rushed from his concealment, and ere the traveller was aware of his presence, seized the horse by the bridle, and with a powerful jerk, nearly threw him upon his haunches; then leveling at the stranger's breast a heavy pistol, he exclaimed—

“Instantly deliver up the money in your possession, or your life will pay!” The young man's eyes flashed with passion for a moment, then spurring his horse which gave a spring forward, he leaped with a bound from his saddle; and ere the robber, whose attention had been drawn to the horse, could prevent it, or before his arm could be raised, one hand of the traveler fairly grappled upon his throat, and the other pinning the arm which held the pistol.

Fiercely did the robber struggle in his endeavors to free himself from the young man's grasp, but 'twas all in vain; he might as well have tried to move a rock. Soon his face turned to a purple hue, and as he vainly endeavored to utter a sentence, he opened his hand, the pistol dropped upon the ground, and he turned his eyes with an imploring look upon his captor. Nor was it unheeded, for the young man unloosed his hold of the robber's throat, and drawing from his pocket a handkerchief, he firmly bound the hands of the captive; and then taking the loaded pistol from the ground, he placed it within his own bosom.

The robber, as his captor stepped from him, sank upon the turf, and to the astonishment of the young man, buried his face in his bound hands, and burst into a flood of tears.

“Alas! poor Marian,” he sobbed, “you will now starve, and I, oh heavens! shall not be near you!”

“Starve—Marian!” repeated the young man, whose astonishment was great; “by all that's good, I have a sister by that name, and she of whom you speak shall not starve. Tell me, my good man, why did you attempt to rob me? You seem not like a common villain.”

“Neither am I, said the robber, lifting his head at the words of the young man, “then why, I ask again, did you attempt my robbery?”

“I will tell you, as you desire it, and God knows it is all truth. Two years ago I was a clerk in the employ of a wealthy influential firm in London. At the mansion of the junior partner, I one evening made the acquaintance of a beautiful young lady, daughter of a rich merchant. Our intimacy ripened into love, and we became pledged to one another. Thus our affairs stood, when the father of Marian became acquainted with the fact, and forbade me his house. I was an humble clerk, he said, and not a match for her whose affections I had gained. But the sternness of the father altered not the feelings of the daughter, for in a few weeks we effected an elopement, and then Marian became my wife.

“Her father from that moment would never see her face; and he declared that not a pound of his wealth should ever be bestowed upon his ungrateful girl. By his machinations, also, I lost my situation, and six months since, left the employ of my hitherto kind benefactor. Oh, God! the agony of mind I have since endured would have maddened my brain, had not my gentle Marian been uppermost in my thoughts. For many weeks I have sought employment, but could not gain it. Since yesterday, myself and wife have tasted no food; and to-day—Heaven forgive me the act—I started from that city determined to rob. You can see how I have succeeded; and yet, thank God, you overpowered me. Had it not been for my wife, I would never attempt this; but I could not see her starve—I could not!” and as he concluded, he again sobbed like a child.

“Nor shall she!” cried the young man, “I know not but you are playing me false, but I can scarcely believe it. Forgive me, however, if I take proper precaution against treachery.”

As he spoke, he again mounted his horse, and bidding his prisoner go on before, they started on their way to London. “Lead me to your own dwelling,” he continued, as they darted from the spot, “and if I find you have told me the truth, you shall not suffer.”

“Thank you—thank you!” was all the overpowered man could reply, and they proceeded on in silence.

The bells of the city were striking the hour of ten when the two men arrived at the outskirts of London. Dismounting at his wearied horse, which he left in the hands of the hostler of a humble inn, the young man followed the footsteps of the robber, keeping a cautious eye upon him, lest he should attempt to escape by darting down one of the many filthy lanes in the vicinity. But such a thought never entered the breast of the prisoner, for he led his captor on through several streets, till stopping before a miserable tenement, whose ancient walls seemed as if about to fall to the ground, he turned and said—

“This is the place where, for three weeks, myself and wife have been obliged to remain, deprived of every comfort, and even the necessities of life. But do not let me go into the presence of Marian with my hands thus bound. For Heaven's sake, kind sir, unbind them, for should she see them thus, she would know that I was a criminal.”

A tear stood in the young man's eye as he proceeded to do as requested for he felt that such words could never come from a guilty and depraved being. Pushing aside the rickety door as soon as his hands were free, the poor man entered the wretched abode, followed by the stranger. Passing through a sort of hall, they came to another door which they opened, which was lighted but dimly by a flickering rush-light. A woman, who, at their entrance, was sitting with her face buried in her hands, started up, and sprang to the embrace of her husband. She noticed not the stranger; but, as she welcomed her husband, she asked in a tremulous voice—

“And have you succeeded, dear Alwin, in finding employment?”

“I have not, Marian,” was the reply; “but I have brought a friend with me who promises relief.”

The woman started at these words, and turned to thank their unknown deliverer. But scarcely had the young man's eyes fallen upon her face, than he sprang forward, exclaiming—

“Gracious heavens, do my eyes deceive me! Tell me, was not your name before your marriage—

“Marian Hansley?” exclaimed the bewildered woman—

indeed wrecked, and all but myself perished. For two years I have wandered in a foreign land, and have but just arrived upon my native shores. I am your brother, William Hansley!”

“Then it must be so—it is, indeed, for I can now recognize your countenance, although you are much altered—and, with a glad cry, she flew to his arms.

It was a happy meeting for all that night; and it may well be believed that the husband was astonished at the scene.

The Angel of Sleep, and the Angel of Death.

It was the sweet hour of twilight when these two messengers wandered forth into the world and seated themselves on a green bank, where they both sat silent for some time; when they arose, the Angel of Death entered a dwelling, and laid low one of its inmates. The Angel of Sleep scattered his seeds over the earth, and in a short time its inhabitants were wrapped in slumber.

When they had again seated themselves on the bank, the Angel of Death thus addressed the other:—“You Angel of Sleep,” said he, “appear to be always happy; you always meet with a kind reception, and you may, for you bring rest to the weary laborer, who, when almost worn out with the toil and care of the day, bails the return of night, when you will bring rest to his weary limbs, and all nature seems to rejoice at your coming.”

Why is it so, when almost every one, especially the young and gay, appear to tremble at my touch, and when I enter a dwelling, its inmates look pale, and almost heart-broken, when they think that I am come to bear away one of their number. Now, my friend, I wish you would tell me why it is, since we both enjoy one home, and both serve one master.

After he had finished, the Angel of Sleep thus replied:—“People may bless me as a friend, which it is true, I am now.—As you said, I bring rest to the weary, and cause each to sleep in the hours of night, but if they live as they ought, when their work is done here, and you approach them, they will perhaps forget me, or think of you as a greater friend than ever I have been on earth. Then they will think of God as a kind master in sending you to welcome them from this world of sin and sorrow.

It is true, I cause them to rest for a short season, but then they awake to scenes of care, but when you call them to rest, they rest forever. You cause them to sleep a sleep from which they never will awake in this world.”—*Oliver Branch.*

Agricultural.

From the Southern Cultivator.
Farmer Snug and Farmer Slack—The Contrast.

I have lately made some observations upon the difference between farmers, which, with your leave, I should like to lay before your readers. In the first place, let us examine the premises of a good farmer.—His barns and out-buildings are a perfect model of neatness. Not a board missing on the barn, to let in the winter winds and snows; but all is warm and comfortable. His yards do not show the want of time to clear them, consequently he does not lose one quarter of his manure—the most valuable and necessary article in all improvements in agriculture. Not only is this amount saved, but the pleasure of getting around the yards and barns is greatly facilitated, and greatly to his advantage. Examine his fences, you find no rails or boards missing—all is snug and in order. His cattle and sheep are in their places, not troubling their neighbors. Ask this man to take an agricultural paper, and nine cases out of ten he will tell you that he is taking one or two already but would like to renew his subscription for another year. Ask him if he could get along without it, and he will tell you perhaps he could, but he would not so long as he could obtain one or two trifling a sun. This is the scientific farmer.

Now let us view the premises of farmer Slack, and mark the difference. His barns speak out—they want now and then a board, (and often now than then,) to keep the contents from the snows and storms of winter. His yards show the effect of easy habits—too much that is valuable going to waste. His fences denote the same want of care and attention. In some places only the traces of a fence are visible, so that with the utmost care, his cows can go from field to field, or his neighbors' cattle partake of the herbage his own so much require, judging from their appearance. Such is the farm of neighbor Slack, as he is termed. Ask him to take an agricultural paper, and mark his answer—ninety-nine cases out of a hundred him or his prototype will tell you so—I want none of your book-farming. He is content to go on in the same routine that his father did before him. To such I would say, of the two, give me the book-farmer, for the kind of farming for me.—Moreover, I would ask, what makes the difference between the two farms I have represented. One takes an agricultural Journal and studies his profession, while the other does not. The contrast is drawn

from facts which have lately come under my observation, and are not exaggerated.—*Exchange.*

Chloroform—A Remedy for Bots or Grubs.

Messrs. Editors.—Many experiments have been made upon the Grubs after being taken from horses that have died, in order to discover what medicine (which might be safely administered to the horse) would destroy the worm. Every experiment was fruitless, until recently; for it was found they would live for weeks in any medicine that could be administered to the horse. At the request of a friend who had just lost a fine brood mare, I undertook once more the oft-repeated experiment. The result was repeatedly satisfactory. He sent me a portion of Grubs taken from his mare upon which to experiment. I put a few of them in Chloroform—they died instantly. I next poured a few drops of the medicine on one or two; they writhed a time or two, and died; and finally I dropped one and sometimes two drops, on those not used in the other experiments, and every one to which it was applied, died.

I communicated the result of the experiments to a farrier in the neighborhood, who acting upon my suggestion, administered one tablespoonful of Chloroform to a horse showing all the well marked symptoms of Grubs—relief was almost instantaneous. A few days afterwards he administered it again with like success, and now in this neighborhood it is considered the only sure remedy. It is certainly the only rational one. It has been employed frequently of late in this vicinity, and in every case with complete success.

The way we administer it is as follows, viz: 1 or 2 tablespoonful Chloroform; 1-2 to 1 pint Whisky; mix, shake and give at a drench. Horses that have refused all food; that have appeared in constant pain for two or three days, have taken this drench and relief followed in ten to fifteen minutes.

I am fully satisfied that all other remedies heretofore employed are worthless, compared to chloroform, and I would strongly urge upon all owners of horses, the necessity of keeping constantly on hand, this admirable medicine for the horse. It is good not only for Grubs, but has been found the best remedy for Colic, Lockjaw &c.

Useful Recipes.
MUSTARD POULTICE.—Into a gill of boiling water, stir one tablespoonful of Indian meal, spread the paste thus made upon a cloth, and spread over the paste one spoonful of mustard as it is prepared for the table, instead of mustard oil.

GINGER POULTICE.—This is made like a mustard poultice, using ground ginger, instead of mustard. A little vinegar is sometimes added to each of these poultices.

STRAMONIUM POULTICE.—Stir one table spoonful of Indian meal, into a gill of boiling water, and add one tablespoonful of bruised Stramonium seed.

Wormwood and Arnica are sometimes used in poultices. Steep the herbs in half a pint of cold water, and when all their virtue is extracted, stir in a little bran or rye meal to thicken the liquid. This is a useful application for a sprain or bruise.—*Mrs. Bliss.*

POLKA GINGERBREAD.—To a pint of molasses, add a pound of butter, a pound of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of powdered ginger, half a teaspoonful of pearl-ash, and as much flour as will knead it into a stiff paste. Roll it out very thin and cut into cakes; bake on tin sheets in a quick oven. Citron pared this may be added, and any spice you may fancy.

LAFAYETTE GINGER CAKE.—One and a half pounds of wheat flour, quarter of a pound of butter, one pint of molasses, one pint of brown sugar, teaspoonful of pearl-ash dissolved in warm water. Stir all together, and bake in pans or patties. Currents and raisins may be added. A quick oven is required for this cake.

A NICE WAY TO DRESS A COLD FOWL.—Peel off the skin, and pull the flesh in as large pieces as you can, then dredge it with a little flour, and fry to a nice brown in butter; toss it up in rich gravy, well seasoned, and thicken with a piece of butter rolled in flour; just before you send it up, squeeze in the juice of a lemon.

RECIPE FOR MAKING LIGHT BREAD.—Take a pint of milk and let it come to a boil; put in enough cold water to make it a little more than milk warm; put in one teaspoonful of salt, two large spoonfuls of corn meal, and enough flour to make it as thick as you can conveniently stir it.—Keep about milk warm; if water rises to the surface, stir your yeast up—and if it does not begin to rise in four or five hours, stir in a little more meal. When your yeast rises sit your flour; put in a little salt and a piece of butter as large as a hen's egg; mix up with warm water; grease your pans and warm them and fill them full, and when the dough rises to the top of the pan, put it to bake. Bake to a light brown, then take it out of the pan and wrap it up. Bread ought not to be cut under twelve hours after baking.
Valley Farmer

DESTROYING MILDW.—Marshall P. Wilder, in a communication to the *Journal of Agriculture*, speaking of mildew on grapes, green-house plants and elsewhere, says:—“We have for more than 15 years used sulphur for this purpose, and in no instance has it failed to effect a speedy cure. We have known instances where mildew, in the space of a few days, would spread its spores over a large rose-house, destroying nearly all the foliage of the plants, and this, by the use of sulphur spread on the walks and over the plants, was extirpated in a short period.”

RECIPE FOR CURING SORES.—A writer in the last number of the *Genesee Farmer*, who signs himself “R. R.” and dates at Centre Lisle, gives the following recipe for curing sores:

Take two and a half drachms of blue vitriol, four drachms of alum, and six drachms loaf sugar or we will say, blue vitriol the size of a walnut, alum a size larger, and sugar the size of a hen's egg. Pulverise and turn into a glass bottle. Add one pint of good vinegar, and one table-spoonful of honey. Cork, and shake up the mixture three or four times a day; and when dissolved is fit for use.

This wash will remove film from horses' eyes; will cure king's evil, and most kinds of fever sores; will destroy proud flesh, and cause the sore to heal. It is great for hoof rot in sheep, and may be applied to any sore with safety. The sore should be kept clean, and washed twice a day with the mixture, until it is completely healed. For the eye it may be diluted in soft water one-half, but should in all cases, be used as strong as the patient can bear. For hoof-rot in sheep, add as much gunpowder as vitriol; part away all the affected part of the hoof, wash freely every few days, turn the sheep into fresh pasture, and you have a cure.

ANOTHER SCIENTIFIC WONDER! GREAT CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

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Half a teaspoonful of Pepsin, infused in water, will digest or dissolve Five Pounds of Roast Beef, in about two hours, out of the stomach.

Pepsin is the chief element, or Great Digestive Principle of the Gastric Juice—the Solvent of the food, the Purifying, Preserving and Stimulating agent of the stomach and intestines. It is extracted from the natural stomach of the ox, thus forming an artificial digestive fluid, precisely like the natural Gastric Juice in its Chemical powers, and furnishing a complete and perfect substitute for it.

By the aid of this preparation, the pains and evils of Indigestion and Dyspepsia are removed, just as they would be by a healthy stomach. It is doing wonders for Sickneses, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Debility, Enfeeblement, Nervous Decline, and Disruptive Consumption, supposed to be on the verge of the grave. The scientific evidence upon which it is based is in the highest degree curious and remarkable.

SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE. Baron Liebig in his celebrated work on Animal Chemistry, says: “An artificial digestive fluid, analogous to the gastric juice, may be readily prepared from the mucous membrane of the stomach of the calf, in case various articles of food, as meat and eggs, will be softened changed and digested, just in the same manner as they would be in the human stomach.”

Dr. Combe, in his valuable writings on the “Physiology of Digestion,” observes that “a diminution of the due quantity of the gastric juice of a prominent and all prevailing cause of Indigestion.” He states that “a distinguished Professor of Medicine in London, who was severely afflicted with this complaint, finding everything else to fail, had recourse to the gastric juice, obtained from the stomach of living animals, which proved to be perfectly successful.”

Dr. Graham, author of the famous works on “Vegetable Diet,” says: “It is a remarkable fact in physiology, that the stomachs of animals, imbricated in water, impart to the fluid that they contain, a kind of artificial digestion of them in no wise different from the natural digestive process.”

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